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"My Treasure."

I CHERISH in my heart a treasure rare,
As priceless as the jewels of a king,
Or precious stones that daring merchants bring
From distant lands to sell to ladies fair.
Of heaven's light and joy it is a share;
Which angels brought in pity, solacing
The woes of man, to ease the bitter sting
Of adverse fortune, and the weight of care.

My mother's love, my guiding star of hope,
The beacon-light that keeps my path aright.
Oh! may I ever see your steady flame
Before my eyes, that I may, stronger, cope
With this life's storms, and, guided by your light,
May reach the haven, Heaven, whence you came.

A. W. S.

Francis Bret Harte.

DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95.



IN the month of July, in the year 1868, there came out of the then new West the first number of a magazine which was destined shortly to acquire an almost world-wide reputation and to be eagerly awaited by its readers on either side of the ocean. With its advent, a new flavor was introduced into the literature of America. It brought with it all the freshness and novelty and picturesqueness of the land which gave it birth—delighting the more staid and slow-going East, and startling from their settled repose the inhabitants of the older world. Its appearance was hailed with delight, and it immediately attained an immense popu-

larity. Its great success was undoubtedly due to the efforts of its editor, whose brilliant sketches of mining scenes and stories of mining life were first published in its columns. This magazine was known as *The Overland Monthly*; its editor was Francis Bret Harte.

America always yields a rich harvest to the writer who cultivates it. It is a never-ceasing subject of wonder that more distinctly American stories have not been written. The materials are all ready and at hand; they await only the master whose genius shall transmute them into the undying chronicles of the life of a great people. Our country presents a particularly inviting field for the attempts of the man of letters; every day we hear stories stranger and more novel than any of fiction; our condition is ever changing and shifting; new phases of society suddenly spring up and as suddenly die out; every hour marks the disappearance of types and characters which, probably, shall never be known again. For him who takes advantage of the possibilities offered, fame is awaiting. Cooper is great as the historian of the Delaware Indians; Owen Wister is rapidly acquiring a reputation as the chronicler of the lives of the Western cowboys, and Bret Harte is recognized, to-day, as one of our leading men of letters, simply because he described the life around him; because he became, as some one has aptly called him, the "historian and poet of the Argonauts of '49."

Harte's life was not one continued series of triumphs; his path was not the safe and easy one to early success; nor did he go into the battle fully equipped for every emergency that might arise. What he is, he has made himself. If, to-day, he stands in the front rank of our literary men, it is due solely to his own efforts—to an indomitable will which knew no failure; to a

strength of character which carried him safely over every obstacle. The more honor to him, then, that he has triumphed!

The son of a professor in the Albany Female Seminary, Harte was born in 1839. His father, who seems to have been endowed with more learning than wealth, died while he was still a boy, leaving himself and his widowed mother in rather straitened circumstances. After having received a common-school education, young Harte resolved to seek his fortune in the gold fields of California, and, accordingly, in 1854, when only fifteen years of age, he and his mother set out for San Francisco. This city seems to have treated him none too kindly; for it is told that he walked hence to the mines at Sonora in order to open a school. We can imagine what a welcome was waiting for an Eastern schoolmaster in a rough, newly-founded, mining town in those days, when about the only thing that was admired and respected was a quick eye, a steady nerve and a good aim. Needless to say, this venture did not prove startlingly successful, and young Harte soon found himself in the rough suit and knee-boots of the miner, digging for the glittering metal which was to bring ease and comfort.

The art of printing was easily picked up in those days, and it was in this field that he made his next experiment. He obtained a position as compositor on one of the papers in Eureka, and it was here he first started life as an author. He was in the habit of writing little sketches of the life around him, then having set them up in type, he contributed them to the paper on which he was employed. His connection with the Eureka journal was brought to a rather abrupt and unsatisfactory end—unsatisfactory to young Harte, at least. During the temporary absence of the regular editor he was left in charge of the paper. His first editorial raised the wrath of his fellow-townsmen to such an extent that they surrounded the newspaper office, and the publisher was forced to part with his substitute editor. The cause of the excitement was the severe censure with which Harte had visited the foremost citizens and first men of the town, who had been passing the time by a little massacre of the Indians.

Nothing daunted, he made a new start in life, first as a mounted express-messenger, and afterwards as agent in the towns, which no doubt, were those now so well known as Poverty Flat, Sandy Bar, Table Mountain and Poker Flat. Tiring of the rough and uncertain life of the mining camps, and desiring once more to

get back to civilization, in 1857 he again made his way to San Francisco. He fell back on his old trade for support and was soon engaged at a "case" on the *Golden Era*—a literary journal of which San Francisco then boasted—setting type. No doubt, he had a vivid recollection of his last newspaper enterprise, for he pursued the same method on the *Era* that he had on the Eureka journal; he wrote articles, set them in type and then offered them to this paper. His cleverness soon attracted the attention of the paper's management, and he was transferred from his case to the editorial rooms.

He continued with the *Era* long enough to get married, and that finally put an end to his wanderings. Ambitious to start in life for himself, he and a Mr. Webb started a paper of their own called the *Californian*. Although it was really a fine paper for those days, it never attained a wide popularity, and soon died a natural death. Its literature was of the light and lively kind, and it will always be remembered on account of the first appearance in its columns of one of the cleverest series of parodies known to the English tongue—Harte's "Condensed Novels."

Compelled to make another start, Harte this time turned to Uncle Sam, and, in 1864, was appointed Secretary of the United States branch mint at San Francisco. He could not, however, persuade himself to let writing drop, and during his leisure intervals, he found time to write some of his best-known and most popular poems, among them being "John Burns of Gettysburg—" a simple tale of a noble old hero and patriot who would not see his native town captured and despoiled by the rebel troops without lifting his hand in its defence, "The Phocine Skull," a "study" in geology, and "The Society upon the Stanislaus," a humorous mirth-provoking piece of verse in which the learned Mr. Jones and the sarcastic Mr. Brown manage to raise a decidedly interesting and pointed discussion as to the nature of the animal which Mr. Brown has reconstructed for the society's benefit.

The year 1868 was the turning-point in Harte's career. His reputation was made almost in a night, and fame and fortune together crowned him for their own. It was in this year that he began the publication of the *Overland Monthly*, and the future of his effort was at once assured. At last he had succeeded and in the very field in which he most desired to do so. The change from the editorship of the *Californian*, which had dragged a sorry existence for only a few

months, to that of the *Monthly*, which at one bound took its place in the front rank of literary journals, was indeed great; but Bret Harte deserved all the success which attended his new venture.

The story which first attracted the attention of the literary public to Harte, appeared in the second number of his magazine. It was a simple yet strong, humorous yet pathetic, little tale about a rough mining camp and rougher miners, and how a little baby came to exercise an absolute sway over the wild hearts of these hardened men. There is a story that this sketch narrowly missed the waste-basket, it having aroused the ire of the prudish woman who acted as proof-reader. When, six months later, the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" appeared, his fame was firmly established. To my mind this is the strongest of all his stories. It is dramatic in the highest degree—the story of how a company of abandoned men and women, so bad that they were driven from the miners' camp in the dead of winter, met death that they might save the lives of two innocent lovers, with whom they fell in on the way. Afterwards came "Tennessee's Partner," "Miggles," and more tales of these rough and brutal men, who, Harte showed, still retained in their souls the divine spark of manhood.

In 1871, Harte resigned his editorship and the chair of Recent Literature in the University of California, to come East. There was an effort made to found a magazine in Chicago, of which he was to be the editor, but it was unsuccessful. He then accepted a position on the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which he continued to fill until he was appointed consul at Crefeld, Germany; afterwards he was moved to Glasgow, where he resided until the change of administration in 1885. Since then, he has resided in London, whence he occasionally sends to his American brethren a part of the fruits of his pen.

It has happened more than once in the history of the world, that what a man considers a misfortune has been the making of him. It was thus with Bret Harte. Probably, he often thought, while handling the pick or guarding express packages over the mountain, that life for him had been a failure; yet he was then unconsciously making of it a complete success. He was absorbing that knowledge of the miner's life, his character and disposition, his manners and mode of being, which he afterwards introduced with such great effect into his stories. The spirit which moved men at that time has

been aptly put in the following language: "An unsatisfied desire for change, a half-confined impatience with tarrying long in any spot seemed to possess every soul. Mining camps, and even thrifty towns were depopulated in a single day, the unnoted casualties of their rough life emptying a few places, the rest being eagerly left behind by men who have drifted far and wide." While shifting from camp to camp, Harte caught the spirit of these men, and, by a few swift strokes of the pen, portrayed a living type of the miner of '49.

Harte's sketches are among the best examples of short stories which we have to-day. Amid the scenes of vice and debauchery, he saw the remnants of a higher life. He found a spark of manliness in men crime-hardened and brutal, a little of womanliness in those who had lost their womanhood. This was the secret of his success—his discovery of some honor and probity, a share of gentleness and delicacy where one would least expect to find them. His stories have taken a permanent place in literature. Stumpy and Tennessee's Partner and John Oakhurst, gambler, will remain, with our other famous characters, as a type of a race that has gone. His "Condensed Novels,"—parodies on the leading novelists of the day, imitating their peculiarities and caricaturing their little extravagances—are wonderfully clever, and will never fail to have a large circle of readers.

In verse, Harte was also successful, although he seems to me to have been more happy in his dialect poems than in any others. It is when he stays with his favorite gold diggers that he shows best the stuff that is in him. Probably the most popular of his verses are those entitled "Plain Language from Truthful James," also known as "The Heathen Chinee." This was written during the great strife over the importation of the Chinese, and was intended as a satire on those who claimed that they were ignorant, lazy and shiftless. Certainly Bill Nye found this particular specimen clever enough for him. Other deservedly popular poems are known as "Her Letter," "His Answer," "In the Tunnell," "The Grizzly," "Dickens in Camp." There is a commingling of the humorous and pathetic in Harte's poems which is delightful to every reader.

Harte's fame is by no means confined to the limits of his own country. He has been translated into many of the European tongues, and has always become a great favorite wherever he is known. The old poet, Ferdinand Feillgrath,

translated his stories into German, and, in the introduction to this volume, he has given, in a few words, the essence of Harte's life and his work. I cannot refrain from quoting it, and I shall close this paper on a true artist, a great story-teller, a good man, with these words from the old poet: "Nevertheless, he remains what he is,—the Californian and gold-digger. But the gold for which he has dug, and which he found, is not the gold in the bed of rivers,—not the gold in the veins of mountains—it is the gold of love, of goodness, of fidelity, of humanity, which, even in rude and wild hearts, even under the rubbish of vices and sins, remains forever uneradicated from the human heart. That he there searched for this gold; that he found it there and triumphantly exhibited it to the world—that is his greatness and merit. That it is which drew hearts to him wherever the language of Shakspeare, of Milton and Byron is spoken. And that it is which has made me, the old German poet, the translator of his young American colleague; and which has led me, to-day, to reach to him, warmly and cordially, my hand across the sea. Good luck, Bret Harte! Good luck, my gold-digger!"

What the Cave Gave up to Me.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

When I awoke on the morning of my fifteenth birthday, I imagined myself to be so near a man, that I made the foolish error of shaking my twenty-five-year-old brother rather briskly, and telling him it was time for him to get up. This fancy was not dispelled, either, when my brother gave me a cuff which nearly drove my head through the pillow; but I asserted my manhood no farther; I went quietly to sleep, and slumbered peacefully until my brother shook me, and said: "Get up, kid!" I did not box him. I wished to get up at that very moment.

When dinner came along—it seemed a long while in coming—I so gorged myself with turkey and dressing and cranberry sauce, that I almost sobbed when I could not eat my mince pie. After this I said to myself—I did not think it advisable to tell my father—"I must learn how to smoke." I smoked. I did not try again until I was twenty-one. But I hold this birthday a memorable one, not because of these little scrapes, but because it was on this day that I took it into my head to explore the Bat's

Nest. This deep, dark cave was a horrible hole to most boys of my age, but I was a "dare-devil young kid"—so said old Grizzly Dan—afraid of neither darkness nor ghosts, and besides, I always wished to have my name in everybody's mouth for being too "pesky courageous." So when my fifteenth year had unravelled one day, I started for the bluff.

The cave was in a line of cliffs that crowned the hill. I could not climb up to the entrance from the bottom, and I had to hew niches in the rock to go down from the top. I suppose many had tried it before me; for there were steps down to within two yards of its mouth. Perhaps, they tired of their work then; but I was too fond of the plan to let it drop, so I pounded and chipped for three days before I could begin explorations.

I told Bob Speer about my plan, and he,—another half dare-devil "young 'un"—was willing to go with me. He furnished a coil of rope and candles, and I brought a can full of gasoline. Just inside the jagged mouth, there was a ledge which hung over a deep crevice. We threw down a lighted oil-rag, which fluttered from side to side as it fell, showing that the walls were rough and pitted with sand-pockets. We then fastened the rope carefully and went down about thirty feet. The bottom sloped gradually. Neither of us were in the least frightened; we enjoyed the novelty of the expedition, and the musty smell of the cold, damp walls. Bob was startled, though, when he saw a large black bat clinging to the rock beside him. "What's that?" he whispered. "Look! It's alive!"

"Of course, it is," I chuckled; and with a bit of my blood-thirsty spirit, I crushed the thing to a flat mass of blood and bones. Bob didn't like it; but I felt pleased at having destroyed what might have bothered us afterwards. We walked on carefully until we came to a mass of broken rocks which jutted out, one below the other. These we climbed. As I was looking around, I noticed that the walls were black in a certain place; I rubbed them and my fingers were blackened. "Smoke!" I said. "Bob, there has been some one here before us." I looked again, and just where I had rubbed my hand, I noticed a queer red figure which seemed to be drawn on the rock. I rubbed off more of the soot and found a regular chain of what seemed to be hieroglyphics.

"Bob," I cried, "we'll find something here yet. That's Indian writing as sure as I'm here."

"Maybe. Let's go and get old Dan; he'll tell us what it means."

"Old Dan nothing; I'm going to see what's down that crevice."

"Well, you can go," said Bob, "I've had enough of this already."

"All right! Stay here till I come up again."

I let myself down through a crevice. I did not look behind me, but walked straight onward up the hill. As I shambled over the loose stones, the echoes went laughing hollow laughs into the darkness. I coughed, and it seemed as if there were a hundred men mimicking me, till the coughing wound out of hearing. I didn't mind it, but walked on, expecting to find something wonderful at every next step; but nothing turned up. I walked further and further, but the crevice was getting neither higher nor lower.

I struck something with my foot that seemed to have a different sound from the usual short "clack" of the rocks. I looked at it. It was an antler which had been broken off from a deer's head. I now felt sure that I would soon come to something which would prove a real discovery. I began to look more closely upon the ground. I found pieces of flint, which was, indeed, a strange thing, for all the walls and floor were sandstone. At last I found an arrow-head. I walked a few steps farther and suddenly stumbled and fell headlong on the floor. My candle went out. Luckily I had matches and I soon lit it again. I looked back to see what I had stumbled over and there, scattered by my kick, were a number of white bones. I was almost tempted to go back in a hurry, when I saw a skull at my feet. But I only shivered a bit, and began to examine the bones.

The air in the place was so dry that it seemed as if only the flesh had turned to dust, for I found a moccassin and a large buckskin covered with the same strange writing we found at the mouth of the crevice. There was a stone ax too, and half-decayed bows and arrows. In one of the hands was a square piece of doe-skin, also covered with writing.

"There must be something else further on," I said to myself. "I am going to see, any way." I went forward but a few steps, when I came to what I thought to be the end of the cave, for there was nothing but solid rock before. Then a strange idea occurred to me. I picked up a stone and began to hammer on the rock. It seemed to have a hollow sound. I hammered again, and the whole wall gave way of a sudden and fell in. As it fell, I thought I heard a metallic ring. I looked in, and there was a heap of glittering metal plates and figures. I went in and rummaged among them and found

strange, hideous forms, half human, half animal, of solid metal.

"This does me for to-day. I'll go and tell Bob, and we'll come back to-morrow," I thought; and taking some of the rings I started back to where I had left Bob. When I came to the crevice, there was no rope to be seen. I called, but only my own voice came back to me, after reverberating through the cavern; I waited and waited, but no one came, and for the first time I began to shiver with fright. Perhaps he had stumbled and fallen and was now lying dead not fifty feet from me. "Bob!" I shouted. "Bob, are you hurt?" But all I heard was -ob-ob-urt-urt-rt-t, which rolled away into the darkness.

As I walked back to the grinning skull, the heap of rings, and the fiendish statues, I wished again and again that I had not come. I fancied myself a white skeleton like the one over which I had just stumbled. My candle had burned down; I saw it grow to a mere wick, then tremble and sputter and go out. And then—then I began to cry. But, as I looked about me in utter hopelessness, I saw a faint glimmer of light; I almost ran to it. It came through a narrow crack. Crazed with excitement, I picked up a large stone, and threw it with all my might against the crevice. The rock crumbled away, and the stone tore through and bounded down the hillside. And I saw—it was never so beautiful before—the sky and the stars. I crawled through the hole, and looked down. If ever I was happy, it was then. There were lights wavering in and out among the trees. I shouted, and there came the voice of Bob Speer:

"Here he is! Dick, where are you?"

"Stay there," I cried. "I'll come down."

Well, all the rest can be safely guessed. I had spent so much time in the cave, that Bob had grown anxious about me and gone to get help. As luck had it, in my anxiety to get out, I had hurled through that wall a stone that I can hardly lift even now. Time had crumbled the cliff on the outside, and the wearing away of the wall at last left the crack through which I saw the star-light.

That heap was of pure gold, and though it made my father and myself rich, it cured me of my "dare-devilishness." How that piece of writing was translated I shall tell another time. My eldest son will be fifteen to-morrow, and I shall try to make his birthday a pleasant one, though, I fear, not so memorable as the one on which I first thought of exploring the Bat's Nest.

Art, and Some of its Schools.

 THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

"Art is a language and has a grammar that varies only as languages vary." Thus speaks La Farge in one of his lectures, delivered in the Metropolitan Gallery, New York. This is the answer of an artist; for a philosopher's definition we may refer to Bacon, who says that art is "a proper disposal of the things of nature by human thought and experience so as to answer the several purposes of mankind." Its division is twofold—useful or mechanical, fine or liberal. The former suggests work by hand or body; the latter conveys an idea of mental labor and intellectual conception. In the last class are included all those branches in which the powers of imitation or invention are made use of in order that they may produce emotion or pleasure in the mind by impression. This definition, which, in itself, embraces many classes of action, has been somewhat restricted of late, and now points more to the technical qualities than to the suggestiveness of a subject.

We may refer all fine arts to five heads,—poetry, painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. Of these, the first three are eminent; and it is the object of this paper to touch in a general way on the different schools and works of the second. Each branch could be, and is, indeed, worthy of a life's study. The material is plentiful. The passing ages have left us as examples of their education, as well as of their appreciation of the beautiful, the statues, temples and monuments of the Greeks, the pictures of the Dutch and Flemish artists, the thoughts of Dante, Homer and Shakspeare, the strains of Palestrina, Beethoven and Bach, together with the conceptions of an Angelo, whose thought is measured only by the sublimity of his works. The shadow of time has darkened not a thought of all these. They seem to live in us, for us, and with us, that we may study our relation to the men of the past, to nature and her Creator, whose masterpiece, the greatest of all, is everywhere present around us.

Some English critics place Raphael before Angelo, but this is unjust. No man, from the time of the Grecian masters, has conceived such ideals and brought their realization to so perfect a finish as did Michael Angelo. He is our nearest approach to the Athenian workers, whose expression in art remains to-day a sub-

ject of admiration and awe. Not only have his subjects wonderful strength, but there is also an indescribable charm lurking in the lines of his work, that gives us at once pleasure and surprise. He felt that truth in a subject was everything, and in order to attain this, he blended the unity of nature with her variety of motion and form, thus giving us an expression of the beautiful surrounded by an air of supernatural strength and vigor. He forgot the great world of natural things, and lived in a higher sphere. He did not see the gorgeous colors of the setting sun, the misty light playing along the hill-tops, nor the shadows cast by the clouds trailing along in the blue; but the spirit that moved behind it all—this was what he saw and felt.

He was a lover and a student of Greek sculpture. And, with the Greeks, he believed that work alone worth doing which could express by its outward appearance the inward voice and feelings of a soul; that could give with a certain individual expression, character and action, the story of a human heart. This belief gives his productions a strength and vigor that are his characteristic marks. The ideality of expression noted in Grecian works depended, as Pater explains it, on "a delicate system of abstraction." Angelo, he says, obtained it "by an incompleteness, which is surely not always undesigned, and which, I suppose, no one regrets, and trusts to the spectator to complete the half-emergent form." The same writer says: "This is the true type of the Michael Angelesque—sweetness and strength, pleasure with surprise, an energy of conception which seems at every moment about to break through all the conditions of comely form, recovering, touch by touch, a loveliness found usually only in the simplest natural things."

With the name of Angelo is linked that of Raphael, who, in the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is the highest example in modern times of the grand or ideal style. But the new school of criticism shows that he is not strictly an idealist. His pictures give us nature—"nature toned by his exquisite touch, taste and color"; but there is no idealism in "La Fornarina." His subjects in the Vatican, especially the "Dispute of the Sacrament," "The Miracle of Conversion," and "The Assembly of Saints," have been carefully studied, and it is shown that all the heads have been copied from nature. His productions are full of feeling; he excels in expression. In the faces given us by Raphael—*Il Divino Raffaello*, as he is sometimes called,

in Italy—there is seen “an angelic sweetness and tenderness, in which human frailty and passion are purified by the sanctity of religion.”

Leonardo da Vinci is a favorite with many. His work has a peculiar charm or beauty called by a certain critic “extic.” It fascinates more than delights. And the same writer says of his pictures that they seem to reflect, more than any other class, the ideas and views and some scheme of the world within. He was a pupil of Verrocchio, an artist of the earlier Florentine type. A close student of nature, Leonardo da Vinci analyzed expression and sounded its sources to their depths. “He saw things,” says Pater, “in a faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water.” As a painter of portraits, he is among the first. He gives reality and character, together with perfect modelling. The story of “The Last Supper” was told by Goethe. The picture was painted in the old Dominican Church of Saint Mary of the Graces at Milan, a favorite shrine of the Duchess Beatrice. Oils were used in its production, Leonardo being among the first to use them. “He loved to use the incidents of sacred story,” says the author of *The Renaissance*, “not for their own sake, or as mere subjects for pictorial realization, but as a symbolical language for fancies all his own.” His masterpiece is “La Gioconda.” In it, the master gives us a complete example of his mode of thought and work. “It is,” says an English critic, “a beauty wrought from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions.” The last years of his life were spent in wandering here and there, until he breathed his last under the shadow of the Château de Clou.

As for Correggio, his coloring is natural, the tone true, the expression refined; but his most wonderful trait is the light and shade effect. He lacks the force, passion and grandeur of Raphael, yet is superior to him in the management of light and shadow.

Coming between the last-named artist and the Venetian School is Guido, whose work lacks natural treatment. To the class of artists just mentioned, belongs Titian, the master of colorists. His work was natural through and through. Simplicity was his motto. His portrayal of Italian character is wonderful. The composition is said to be weak, but this is an English criticism. His greatest work is “The Assumption.” To this school belong Giorgione, Veronese, Bassano and Tintoretti. Of these, Giorgione ranks

first. To him also belongs the honor of being the inventor of that class of work called *genre*.

The Bolognese School was peculiar and short-lived; it combined the good of the Roman and Venetian masters. Whatever little original touch of nature might have been shown in the work at first, soon fell before the academic rules upon which the members moulded their technique.

The Flemish School! Who does not know the lines and lights of Rubens! He has been classed as a mannerist, and an idealist in an evil sense. The charge is true, for he painted from imagination and was most artificial. His flesh tints are wonderful. They possess a transparency and freshness that give life, tone and feeling to the canvas. The best example is that shown in the “Peasant Family Going to Market.” The motion is good; the drawing picturesque, but it lacks elegance and proportion. As for Vandyke and Rembrandt, they are entirely different in their treatment; the former is soft, precise and clear. His works are refreshing, possessing a look of simplicity and modesty in the very tone. The flesh tints are peculiar, and his portraits rank among the best.

Rembrandt was a man of genius. He had an intense love for art, and followed nature faithfully and constantly. His work in shadows is remarkable. In the first exhibit of his “Old Dutch Burgomaster” at the Metropolitan Gallery, this trait struck me as most wonderful. The intensely dark shades gave a peculiar tone to the lights, and the soft, warm tints of the face seemed to flush with life. Each great artist chooses some line of sight which he brings before us continually. He gives us some one view of nature as he sees it, and then asks us to delight ourselves with it. This view becomes that painter’s characteristic mark, and we can always recognize his stroke, color, tone and composition. And so with Rembrandt, who loved “to bathe all, even light itself, in a bath of shadow, from which it might emerge more wet and more glimmering; to make these waves of obscurity visible, and shadow easy to see through.” Following nature as he did, it is no wonder his landscapes are full of suggestiveness and beauty. He was the most romantic and the least classical of all the painters. The great Dutch artists were realists, not idealists. In fact, they went to nature for everything. This is why we like them. We turn to nature rather than to classical subjects. The people are not capable judges of art. What they like is usually weak. They prefer sweetness and

sentimentality to intellectual truth. We shall always find that whatever is good or true in art comes from Nature's teaching and the genius of the artist.

The old French School had among its members, Poussin and Claude Lorraine. The first is recognized as a landscape painter of great force and strength. His backgrounds are unsurpassed. Among his best-known works are "The Plague of Athens"—a wonderful piece of work—and "The Deluge," a strong landscape. The second has left us some refined and exquisite landscapes that show grace and harmony in every line. It would take too long to tell the story of the struggle between the jurors of the Academy and the new school of painters which sprung up in Millet's time.

Delaroche was one of the last representative men of the old style, and even his pictures have, now and then, a stroke or line suggestive of the work of Millet. The systematic attempt on the part of the jurors, to debar from exhibits all new work, was defeated by the admission of Millet in 1840. The French students then learned that there was such a thing as French scenes about them, and their work broke down all opposition. The lesson came from their hardy northern brothers, the Dutch, who saw Nature and understood her ways. Pages could be given to Jacques, Bonnat, Corot, Dupré and Delacroix, but space forbids. The Barbizon school, of which Millet was the head, gave a fresh impetus to art, and it has left us some remarkable work. The calmness of peasant life, its peace and quietness seem strange indeed, coming to us from the troubled times of the insurrection. Such is the case, however, and it gives proof of how closely united were art and the masters of Barbizon.

The old Spanish School has two very remarkable men, Velasquez and Murillo. Velasquez was born in Seville in 1599, and studied under Herrera el Viego, and later under Francisco Pacheco. He settled in Madrid in 1623, where he was visited by Rubens in 1625. A charge has been made that this meeting affected his style, but it is without foundation. True it is that he gave his canvas warmer tints, and his flesh colors were more transparent; but that this was the result of Rubens' influence cannot be easily proved. As an artist he was devoted to the truth. His treatment was sincere and entirely of the Spanish nature. As to his coloring, Charles Blanc says of it: "He is a musician executing divine harmonies with only two or three notes where Rubens or Veronese would

jouer à grand orchestre." And Ford, speaking of his portraits, says that "they baffle description and praise. They must be seen. He elevated that humble branch to the dignity of history. He drew men—they live, breathe and seem ready to walk out of the frames." His greatest works are the "Water Carrier of Seville," known as "Aguador de Sevilla" and "Los Borrachos," sometimes called "Los Bebedores" together with "Los Menias," which holds first place.

Murillo gives us pictures that have a look of real life, and whose figures seem to live, breathe and act. There is at present a specimen of his work in the Art Institute of Chicago, "The Immaculate Conception." Bartolomé Estéban was the pupil of Juan de Castillo in Seville. He was the favorite pupil of Velasquez, and gained fame by his work in the Louvre.

The English School has Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, and Gainsborough. We shall speak only of the first. Reynolds raised the standard of art in England, and gave it a national character, which is the making of a school. He was a reformer of art in Britain, and not a creator, as some of his admirers would have us believe. His portraits are his best works. We learn from history that he did not possess that high imagination or feeling so essential to a true artist. His greatest attempt, "Count Ugolino," proved his greatest failure.

Of the more modern schools, their leaders, pupils, methods and beliefs, we shall say nothing; their story belongs to another page. Yet there is a mysterious link binding the old with the new, for art is constant. In all the works of the past and the present we see one leading theme—the "expression of an ideal." This is art. As the ideal is perfected and realized—that is, as far as poor human nature can carry these operations—so is its worth measured. The fuller the realization, the more suggestive is the work and the greater the art. As Ruskin says, "a great work of art is that which conveys a great number of great ideas."

George Inness, our own countryman, says that beauty in art "is possible only when the sentiment is beautiful, and great only when the sentiment is great." And Michael Angelo declares that "Good painting is noble and devout in itself; for with the wise, nothing elevates the soul more and turns it toward devotion than the difficulty of perfection—which is a tendency to approach God and to be united to Him; for good painting is as a copy of His perfections, a shadow of His brush, a music, a melody."

But one must think for himself in art. He must study man and nature; for art is an expression of man and of the world about him. The hidden beauties and deep meaning of the canvas lie hidden until he has made his own soul think, act and live in the lanes and by-paths of Nature where are found the secrets of life, caught by the artist's brush and held captive on his canvas.

The Wandering Jew.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '98.

The legend of the Wandering Jew originated at Constantinople in the fourth century. It was not published until nine hundred years afterwards, when it appeared in the chronicles of Matthew of Paris. He professed to have heard it from the lips of an Armenian bishop, to whom the Wandering Jew told his story. It is not found in the uncanonical Evangelists nor in the Latin Fathers of the Church. In the Oriental version of the ancient tale, the Wandering Jew is represented as being a servant in the household of Pontius Pilate. He was called Cartaphilus, probably from the Greek *κάρτα Φόζος*—"much loved,"—alluding to St. John, who was believed to "tarry" until the coming of Christ. He was born seven or eight years before Christ and was of the tribe of Naphtali. As the story goes, he gave Christ a blow when He was led out of the palace to be executed, saying: "Go, Jesus, go on faster; why do you remain here?" And Jesus answered: "I go, but thou shalt wander on the earth until I return."

In the Western version, which sprung up in Germany about the fifteenth century, he is known by the name of Ahasuerus and was a cobbler living on the slope of Mount Calvary. Christ on His way to Golgotha passed his abode, and asked the shoemaker if He might pause at his door to rest. The Jew refused Jesus and struck Him brutally on the neck. Then Jesus turned to him with great gentleness of manner and said: "I will stand here and rest, but thou shalt go on until the last day."

There are many other versions of the legend. One told by some modern writers is that the Jew when a boy ran away from his home at Jerusalem and accompanied the three Wise Men to Bethlehem. On his return he told the people that a King of the Jews was born, to whom the Wise Men gave great gifts. This is said to have led to the slaughter of the Innocents.

When this boy grew to manhood he became a carpenter, and is said to have made the cross for the passion of Christ. He also refused the Son of Man admittance into his shop to rest. The penalty is the same as in the other versions.

This legend has since been the theme for works of art and poetry and fiction. Very often throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries might have been seen in newspapers and chronicles in black letters some such heading as the, "Strange report of a Jew born at Jerusalem, who pretends he was present at the crucifixion of Christ." It is quite evident that this simple legend has influenced the literature of all countries to some extent. Gustave Doré illustrated the story in a series of wood-cuts of great originality. General Lew Wallace made him the hero of his novel "The Prince of India." Eugene Sue made somewhat of a failure of his novel by trying to bring the hero of the legend into everyday life. He figured largely in the writings of Schubert, who has left some verse in which he pictures the wanderer endeavoring to end his own existence by throwing himself into the crater of *Ætna*. Goethe had in his youth the idea of making the Wandering Jew the subject of a semi-religious epic.

There seems to have been no particular route given the Jew in which to make his endless journey, but most naturally he thought best to make the tour of the globe. He was not met on his travels until the sixteenth century, but from that time on he was seen in England, Scotland, Italy, France, Hungary, Sweden, Persia, Denmark and other countries. The last appearance, of which there is any record, was in England in 1830, when he was carefully examined by professors of the English universities. Brande remembered to have seen one going about the streets of Newcastle, muttering "Poor John alone," and he supposed him to be the strange wanderer.

Many interesting tales have been added to the legend concerning his journey. He never grew to be more than one hundred years, for at that age he would always fall into a trance, and when he again became conscious he was as young as when his doom was fixed. He never accepted any gifts; he has never been known to smile, but was ever ready to tell the ancient events which he witnessed. He had five pence in his pocket, which was all his worldly wealth. A striking thing about these five pence is that whenever he spent them, they were always replaced by an equal sum, so that his bank account never ran short.

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—*The Bachelor of Arts* would add to its staff of contributors and, incidentally, to its list of subscribers. In the February number, it offers a prize of one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the best short story written by an undergraduate subscriber. This February number, by the way, is by all odds the best that the editors have yet produced. *The Bachelor* is frankly a magazine for college men, and the most of the papers which it prints deal with colleges or the life of their students. Here is a part of the *menu* for February: "Bologna University and its Successors," a critical historical sketch of the Italian schools of yesterday and to-day; "College Life at Dublin University," a bundle of cheerful impressions of Irish student life; "The Opening of a Scotch University," an interesting account of an Edinburgh "first day"; and "Some aspects of College Professors," a nice and sympathetic study of some of the vagaries and eccentricities of teachers of astronomy. This last is the most charming bit of reading in the *Bachelor*, though Sherwin Cody's Dublin paper is full of airy touches. Frederick Hauk Low supplements these four with a graceful essay on the "Historical Land-

marks near Amherst," and Florence Guertin writes herself down as the first feminine historian—a very breezy and entertaining one, too—of "The Yale Prom." There is one short story, a "wooden" "Romance of a Wooden Leg"; and a timely article on the revival of the Olympic games. *The Bachelors'* verse is very ordinary; but college men are used to that sort of thing and endure it without a murmur. The editorial notes of Edward Sanford Martin and Walter Camp are clever and sane and comprehensive. The long and narrow pages of *The Bachelor* are a delight to the eye, and it is easily the one indispensable magazine for college men.

—So often has Robert Green Ingersoll, professional infidel and practical fun-maker, been pounced upon in conventional ways, that refutations of his assertions—the jovial Colonel does not pretend to doctrines, or stoop to proofs—are, as a rule, rather tiresome. Father Malone, however, of *The Colorado Catholic*, has hit upon a novel way of proving the absurdity of Mr. Ingersoll's position; he simply brings into court, as witnesses against their volatile American disciple, the chiefest of the English agnostics, Darwin, Huxley and Herbert Spencer. An ingenious plan this, for Mr. Ingersoll affects the greatest reverence and admiration for the opinions of this trio of philosophers; and his confusion should be all the greater that he is condemned out of the mouths of his own prophets. Father Malone, who has a national reputation as a platform speaker, will read this, the latest and best of his lectures before the students of the University on Wednesday next. It will, without doubt, be one of the most interesting of the Lecture Course of '95-'96.

—If that gallant craft, *Defender*, were not lying in her out-of-the-way winter berth, she would have rare good reason to show every bit of bunting that she carries in her cabin lockers. The report of the committee appointed to consider the charges of fraud brought by Lord Dunraven against the owners of the Yankee boat, completely exonerates them, and, incidentally, brands the master of the *Valkyrie* as a cad of the worst sort. It is the last chapter in the history of the nastiest dispute which has ever arisen in international sport; and we may well rejoice that the *America's* cup is as untarnished as ever. Dunraven's accusation

was a cowardly attempt to explain away the *Defender's* victory, and he deserves his punishment—the contempt of all honorable men. Just what his friends of the English press—whose ink flows never so freely as when they talk of the “shady” methods of American sportsmen—will do for excuses, now, is an interesting question. Perhaps they will take their cue from Salisbury's action in the Armenian crisis, and leave the sporting earl to his own devices. Certainly, nothing but a frank confession of his fault, and an absolute apology to Mr. Iselin and his associates, will entitle Dunraven to consideration again as a sportsman and a gentleman.

—“That splendid American game, lacrosse”—so Caspar Whitney speaks of it, and Mr. Whitney is the first of our critics in things athletic. We have imported golf, a game of science and skill, it is true, but one that should appeal to men safely past their twenties rather than to boys; while we have neglected lacrosse, the most spirited and engrossing of our native pastimes. It is full of the motion and the sudden chances that are the chief charm of all our more important games; it is good at all seasons, but it is the ideal sport for afternoons such as we have wasted for the last two weeks.

Lacrosse had a fortnight's existence at Notre Dame, last autumn, and then it died a natural death, forgotten in the excitement attendant upon football practice and the Varsity's match games. But now, when the goal-posts are only grisly spectres on an abandoned field, and our ancient heroes grow reminiscent on the slightest provocation, there is every reason for reviving interest in the lively Indian game. It has two rivals for public favor—hand-ball and billiards; and hand-ball on enclosed courts is but a sorry substitute for the full-blooded, out-door exercise which every rightly constituted lad in his early twenties must have. The courts, too, will accommodate only a score of players, while lacrosse offers unlimited opportunities to all who love vigorous action and fresh air. It is the coming game; already the Eastern colleges have begun to take it up, and we may expect, in a few years, a lacrosse season as well defined as the football or baseball seasons of to-day. Let us be leaders for once! A Sorin-Brownson series would make lacrosse a fixture; its recognition by the Athletic Association would provide us with a winter sport second in interest only to football.

—The “mid-week” lecture or concert has come to be a regular thing. Doctor O'Malley and Father Kirsch were consciously teachers, they had the educational end in view; but the University Band, last Thursday, aimed only to amuse—and its success was unqualified. It was a popular concert; the latest marches, the most catching of the descriptive pieces of the hour, with just a hint of nobler strains and more dignified measures. Some of the pieces were admirably rendered, Millorker's “Laura Waltz” particularly so. Bellini's graceful “Sonambula” was handled with a delicacy and sympathy unusual in college bands; and the rolling measures of Bousquet's “Andalusian Bolero” were managed with not a little art and skill. There was but one solo, Snyder's arrangement for the cornet of “Annie Laurie”—matchless among love-songs. Mr. O'Brien has a grip on his instrument; if his technique is not faultless, if he has yet to learn the finer moods, the nicer possibilities of the cornet, he at least plays with feeling and something approaching brilliancy. Sousa's stirring march “King Cotton” was the last number of the first part.

While the trombone men were recovering their wind, a mandolin trio, Preston's “Midnight Serenade Waltz,” gave a new flavor to the feast. The music was dainty and pretty, and the young men made the most of the half-reminiscent strains. There was a respectable amount of noise to the second part of the programme. It began with Suppe's “Poet and Peasant,” truly, “grand selection.” Then the drummers and the “little man in the tin-shop” settled to their work, and there was a carnival of noise. The “Chinese War March” had musical passages in it; “Rastus on Parade” had many of them, but the “Indian War Dance” was riotous, nerve-shattering, maddening. As a whole, the concert was very good; the Band is working rapidly into form, and we may well be proud to call it ours. Here followeth the

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Introductory March—“Bridlington” *Smith*
 Grand Overture—“Sonambula” *Bellini*
 Laura Waltz—from “The Beggar Student,” *Millorker*
 Cornet Solo—“Annie Laurie” *Snyder*
 Mr. James V. O'Brien.
 Andalusian Bolero *Bousquet*

PART II.

Grand Selection—“Poet and Peasant” *Suppe*
 Chinese War March *Michaelis*
 Rastus on Parade *Kerry Mills*
 March—King Cotton *Sousa*
 Finale—Indian War Dance *H. Bellshedt, Jr.*

BETWEEN PARTS I. and II.

Mandolin Trio—“Midnight Serenade Waltz,” *Preston*
 Messrs. Tuohy, Pendleton and Wigg.

Magazine Notes.

—About "The New Baltimore," Stephen Bonsal says much that is startling and interesting in the February *Harper's*. It is a sort of tradition, west of the Alleghanies, that Baltimore is a relic of the past, a melancholy instance of arrested development, an overgrown village, where business energy is a thing despised. Mr. Bonsal's statistics do not chime with this idea, and Baltimore's metropolitan character is insisted upon. He does not neglect the picturesque side of the city, however, and the statistics are practically lost among the charming "impressions" of the old-new city at Jones Fall. From "old Maryland" to the Barren Grounds is a mighty leap, but Casper Whitney approves, we imagine, of mental athletics. Mr. Whitney's narrative goes swiftly on. He finds time to commend the work done by Bishop Grouard and his nine brave companions, at the Oblate Mission of Chipewayan, a post on the skirts of the Barren Grounds:

"Here, hundreds of miles," Mr. Whitney writes, "from skilled labor, they have whipped out the planks for their church, invented a written language, somewhat after the Egyptian character, taught it with slight modifications to both Chipewayan and Cree, printed and bound the Testaments and the Bible for distribution, and gone out into the woods to hunt their meat, and to suffer from cold, perhaps to starve, along with the Indians to whom they would preach the Word of God. I care not whether one's form of belief be for or against the doctrine preached by these men, one must be petty indeed who does not respect these workers who, east and west, north and south, have gone far in advance of the pioneers, far beyond the plaudits of civilization, to carry their faith into the heart of the wilderness."

Poultney Bigelow's "German Struggle for Liberty" is an important historical work. The friend of Emperor William, Mr. Bigelow has had unlimited access to German state papers, and his story of the war against Napoleon is very easy reading. Mark Twain—for the versatile Mr. Clemens no longer denies his identity with Louis de Conte, the mythical author of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"—leads up to the Maid's capture by the English on that disastrous day at Compiègne. "St. Clair's Defeat" is another military paper, by Theodore Roosevelt. All these are illustrated—some of the pictures, splendid, spirited drawings by such men as Remington, Du Mond and Zogbaum. Of the fiction, William Black's serial is, of course, most important. Briseis, apparently is never destined to wed Frank Gordon, for that unsophisticated young "Hielander" is taken captive by Georgie Lestrangle, the maid of the red-gold hair, the pinc-nez and the many wiles. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's "A

Mother in Israel" is a sombre sketch of the life-struggle of a Jewess to lift her children above the ghetto. M. E. M. Davis and A. B. Frost tell the story of a "Jim-Ned Snipe-Hunt" and Robert Stewart's contribution is "Her Boy." John Kendrick Bangs puts his Perkinses and Bradleys and the rest at work on a rehearsal and makes merry at their expense. "The Fatal Message" is a farce in his best vein.

—For an intelligent and thorough summary of the leading questions of the day, together with choice paragraphs on events in the world of science, arts and letters, there is no better publication than the *Literary Digest*. Its field embraces almost every department of knowledge and represents the best of contemporaneous thought. To read it is a real treat, for it gives, in a few pages, a more comprehensive view of most subjects than any newspaper would ever attempt. The number for February 1 is as good as any of its preceding issues. The Senate and the Davis Resolution is presented from divers points of view, while a short *résumé* as to how we would profit by a European war, contains some exceedingly sound reasoning. The Department of Letters and Art is very interesting, but none more so than those devoted to Science and to the "Religious World." "From Foreign Lands" is particularly entertaining, for it represents, in a few pages, what the outside world is thinking of the social and political doings of our own and other countries. In fact, every department of the *Literary Digest* is all that it pretends to be. It is a review that is a delight to anyone, for without eliminating the substance it does away with most of the superfluous trash that fills our newspapers and reviews.

—One of our most regular visitors is the *Penman's Art Journal*. It is beyond cavil that this journal is doing its work well. The twenty years of its existence would avouch this much, and we should be ready to aver furthermore, from the manuscript reaching our sanctum, that the journal has not outlived its usefulness. In the present number, C. C. Lister begins his "Lessons in Rapid Business Writing." By way of introduction, he tells us of the object to be gained in following his course. Then comes a full explanation of the thirteen preliminary exercises which give rapidity and legibility. Taken all in all, Mr. Lister's is the best and most practical treatment of the subject we have thus far happened upon. Of special interest to teachers are the articles on "Blackboard Drawing" and "Blackboard Sketching."

Exchanges.

In the *Stylus* there is a poem, "Baby's Toys," an imitation of a class of Eugene Field's poems for children, in which the tenderness of the model is dexterously reproduced, with his minute observation of childhood, its language and its little ways.

The various affectations which beginners contract in their attempts at style, and into which, as into pits, they uncautiously fall, and wherein often they lie struggling till long after they have cut their wisdom teeth, are humorously but faithfully copied in the article on "The Parisian Style and Others." The Parisian style and the young style are especially clever.

The next article considers Shakspeare's drama, "Richard III." Its faults consist in that affectation of speech and passion of his predecessors and contemporaries, which the poet had not as yet shaken off entirely. Richard is a being of massive intellect and unbending will, but no heart, cut off from the ties that bind man to man. It is the writer's opinion that, for two reasons, Richard stands alone among the villains of Shakspeare. First, he does not, like the rest, strive to invent motives to justify the heinousness of his deeds, nor feel the stings of outraged conscience; secondly, not content with being wholly depraved himself, he scoffs at, and takes advantage of, for his own evil ends, the nobler qualities of others. Here, however, the writer does not prove his position, nor, from his standpoint, can he. The reasons given to support Richard's singularity in crime apply, at least with equal force, to the case of Iago, who certainly feels no hankering after motives of justification, nor suffers any pricks of conscience, and who does not hesitate to deride the higher qualities of others, and make use of them to further his own villainy. In both these respects Iago is more than the equal of Richard. "Hand-shaking in David Copperfield" is a unique instance of one of the many indirect sources of reflection to be found in a favorite author, when we bring to the study of him a mind awake to all his suggestions.

This week the *Varsity* revels in a long outburst of sonnets, all from one songster. They are noticeable for technical ease, felicity of thought, deep feeling, strength of expression, and vivid description; while, now and then, one comes across a line that almost recalls the power of Milton or Wordsworth.

Obituary.

MR. GEORGE H. CRAIG, '88.

Death has been busy in the ranks of the Alumni. Mr. George H. Craig, B. S., '88, died at the home of his parents in Galesburg, Illinois, on Wednesday the 5th. Mr. Craig was the son of Chief Justice A. M. Craig, of the Illinois Supreme Court, and at the time of his death was paying teller of the Bank of Galesburg. He is remembered at the University as a careful student, a model young man in every respect, and one of the best loved fellows of his class. After his graduation in '88, he returned to Notre Dame and continued his course in law, taking his degree of LL. B. in '89. In July of the same year, he accepted a position in the Bank of Galesburg, where his sterling worth won him speedy promotion. His future was full of promise. He has many friends among the Faculty, and in their behalf, the SCHOLASTIC extends to his bereaved parents heartfelt sympathy for them in their affliction.

DOCTOR FRANK QUINN, '83.

Another of Notre Dame's most beloved sons has gone to rest. Doctor Frank Quinn (B. A., '83) died at his home in Peoria, Ill., on Wednesday, February the 5th. The news of his death came as a shock to his friends at the University; they had heard nothing of his illness, and he was still in the vigor of early manhood. The students of the early eighties remember Doctor Quinn as a genial, whole-souled young man, a model student, a perfect Christian gentleman, and a firm friend to those to whom he gave his friendship. While at college he was a leader in the class-room and in the sports on the campus. He was always at the head of his classes, and had the honor to be one of the medal men of the Class of '83. His manly qualities and Christian virtues endeared him to professors and students alike. Always a lover of pure fun, he never stooped to do a low or mean act. In the practice of his profession he was conscientious and trustworthy, and was fast becoming one of Peoria's most prominent physicians when death cut short his career. He was a brother of Rev. Fathers James and John Quinn, of the Peoria diocese. They, with a multitude of friends, mourn his untimely death. It is years since he was himself a student here, but in heart and spirit he was always one of us, and we mourn him as a true and devoted son of *Alma Mater*. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the Faculty and students in extending its sincerest sympathy to his sorrowing relatives. He fought the good fight and fought it well. May he rest in peace!

Personals.

—Joseph Bruker, of Fond du Lac, Wis., was the latest new student to register.

—Mrs. E. B. Foulks, of Chicago, made a most enjoyable visit to her son Charles, early in the week.

—Mrs. P. S. Barry, of Chicago, paid a short visit to her son Robert, of Brownson Hall, during the past week.

—Mr. Sexton, one of Chicago's most prominent merchants recently made a short visit to his son Thomas, of the Minim Department.

—Mr. J. S. Dowling, of Green Castle, Indiana, visited the University last week and entered his son as a student in St. Edward's Hall.

—"Pa." Brennan, late of the Irish Brigade, paid a visit to his friends last Sunday. Quinn and Regan rejoiced to see him. Call again, "Pa."

—Henry Stis and John M. Spangler, of Winamac, Ind., both former students, spent a couple of days last week renewing acquaintances at the University.

—Among our recent visitors were the Rev. George Thiele, of Aurora, Ill.; Mr. Joseph, S. Martin, of Chicago, accompanied by his wife and child; Mr. Felix R. Shepley, Massillon, O.

—J. O. Arsenauet, of Egmont Bay, Prince Edward Island, Canada, visited his son, a member of the Order, during the past week. Mr. Arsenauet is a member of the Canadian House of Parliament and a prominent citizen of Egmont Bay.

—Mr. J. S. McBride, proprietor of the J. S. McBride Publishing House, of Chicago, with his wife, were among this week's most welcome visitors. Mr. and Mrs. McBride have three sons students in St. Edward's Hall and a number of friends among the Faculty, to whom their visit was a most pleasant one.

—The name of Mr. Kickham Scanlan (Com'l '80) is being brought forward by his friends as a candidate for Republican nomination for States of Cook Co., Ill. Mr. Scanlan during his four years at the University displayed marked talents and abilities, and judging from all accounts of him he is faithfully carrying out the bright promise of his boyhood days. Last Sunday's *Chicago Inter-Ocean* published his portrait and a sketch of his life. In connection with his nomination the paper says:

"His eminent fitness for the position is strongly contended for by a host of enthusiastic friends, who refer to Mr. Scanlan's brilliant career as a criminal lawyer and his notable connection with nearly all of the celebrated criminal cases tried in Cook County in the last ten years. . . . His success in civil cases has been not less remarkable and, certainly if varied experience and natural gifts be considered, it would seem that Mr. Scanlan is eminently fitted for the place. . . . His many friends are confident that his ability, integrity and experience insure his nomination, and they feel that it is a logical movement which seems to be bearing him irresistibly toward the position."

Local Items.

—The skating has not been very good during the past week.

—Hand-ball becomes more popular with the Carrollites every day.

—Lost—A small pocket Bible. Finder, please return it to Students' office.

—No one knew Jessie's brother after he was togged up by Messrs. Alfred Regan and Berthelet.

—During the past week several exciting games of basket-ball have been played in the Carroll "gym."

—Shultz managed to tear himself away from his menagerie last week and return to Notre Dame. The bear-cub, eagle, horse and foxes are all well, thank you.

—In the modern History Class:—"Who succeeded Michael the Third—er—Mr. McPhee?" "Michael the Fourth, of course." Even old Henry Clay on the wall cracked a smile.

—The Rev. Thomas E. Malone, Denver, Col., one of the most eloquent and learned priests of the West, will lecture next Wednesday afternoon, February the 12th, in Washington Hall on "Modern Infidels vs. Ingersoll."

—For the past few weeks an observer might have noticed the woe-begone faces of the Philopatrians. Now they've happy faces, and their secret conversation points towards the fact that they have received their parts for their annual play.

—"Say Cav," said Costello, "I'll give up my 'Life' for that 'Puck' of yours." A dark cloud was seen hovering over "Cav's" brow, but was dispersed by his rejoinder: "I am not yet ready to devour your 'Life.'"

—It only cost two dollars to see the modern Alexander. He hails from Marquette, and is yclept Treasurer. Call on him; he will be delighted to see you. His room is number 175 Brownson Hall, near B. B's.

—"No, I didn't notice the earthquake last session," said Confer, as he balanced a couple of wienerwursts on his fork. "I have a jar in front of me at every meal, so I get used to these things." The "head" cut the ninety-ninth notch.

—The Count has struck a bonanza. The other day he received an offer from a well-known publishing firm of naming his own price for a new collection of stories after the style of Baron Munchausen. This is an easy matter for the Count, as you will see.

—It is hoped that the finances of the Athletic Association will allow them to purchase a new set of suits for the Varsity nine. They are needed badly. The ones we now have are out of date, the pants are unpadded, and there is

a general air of mustiness clinging to them.

—The Boss's new book, "The Science of Billiards; or, How Best to Avoid Scratching," has gone into a second edition. The adverse criticism it has received has only added to its reputation. It is only a question of time when his method will be generally accepted in all national and international contests.

—Some people think that McCarthy is still wearing the faded chrysanthemum that she gave him in the long ago, but he isn't. During the Christmas vacation those mighty nimrods of Iowa, the Monahans, killed a large owl, and sent the head of the bird to War Horse. He has been wearing it as a button-hole bouquet ever since.

—When the Brownson men saw the droves of Sorin Hall men entering the "gym" on Saturday night, they knew that somebody was going to "set 'em up." They were not mistaken. It was Bro. Hilarion's birthday, and, as usual, the cigars were free to all. The SCHOLASTIC readers hope to see Bro. Hilarion in the best of health during the next fifty years.

—Cypher is a very studious youth at all times, but during the last week he has been working even harder than usual. It occurred to him last Tuesday that unless he makes two years in one he will not graduate until 1900. Now, "Cypher, '00" would not look well in print, so he has started in with the determination of graduating in the Class of '99.

—San Roman heard Theresa Vaughn in "1492" last summer, and he has been hard at work translating our popular songs into Spanish ever since. "Paradise Alley," "And the Band Played On," "Swim out, O'Grady," and several other beautiful selections of the same character have been floating round the "gym" in Spanish dress nearly every evening this session. He says he will have the "rickety-rickety-rackety-russ" yell in Spanish before the end of the session.

—A smart young gentleman in Third Algebra, who never can remember a certain rule, was told to write it several times and to hand in the work next day. Wurzer translated the rule into German, Pietrzykowski into Polish, Duperier into French, Golden into Latin, Strauss into Hebrew, San Roman into Spanish, Geoghegan into his native tongue, Italian, and Morehouse wound it up with Greek. When the Professor opened that duty-book in his room that evening he thought the Tower of Babel was loose again.

—The "Shorties" of Brownson Hall organized last week, with Brother Hugh as manager and Tillman Wallace as captain. The list of players shows an aggregation of baseball stars, the like of which was never seen at Notre Dame before. They wish to announce to the world at large that they will meet any team in St. Joseph's County, or any other county, as

soon as the diamond gets into the proper condition. Here they are: J. Brown, C. (Red Brown's white brother, not our Summer Girl.); Fitzpatrick, p.; Fox, 1 b.; McCarrick, 2 b.; Duperier, 3 b.; Flannigan, l. f.; Willie O'Brien, c. f.; Robert Barry, r. f.; T. A. Wallace, ss. and captain.

—Preparations are being pushed forward for a grand celebration of Washington's Birthday. The flag-staff will be in position by that time, and the formal presentation of flag and staff will take place with appropriate ceremonies. Speeches will be made by the Hon. Wm. P. Breen, '77, Samuel T. Murdock, '86 and others. And then the Class of '96 will present Colman the Younger's "Iron Chest," a play in which Kembel, Edmund Kean and Charles Kean, and many of our best-known American actors, scored success in the good old days of the legitimate drama. Altogether, Feb. 22, '96 should be a day to be remembered.

—At the last meeting of the St. Cecilians, 1st Vice-President, T. Lowery presided. The constitution was read, and different motions were made to enforce the rules more stringently. Francis D. Druiding favored the society with an excellent rendition of "The Soldier's Dream." W. Morris read a humorous selection, and Messrs. Tuohy and Pendleton played a very pleasing mandolin duet. A debate, "Is it better to be an orator or a debater?" was appointed for the next meeting. Messrs. Schoenbein and Shields will defend the affirmative, and Messrs. T. Burns and John Fennessey the negative.

—A strange interest has been stirred up in the Modern History Class in regard to the Feudal System. For nearly two weeks the assistant librarians have been busy answering questions on the subject, and making great pretences to a broad knowledge of mediæval history. The histories of the middle ages are in great demand, and during recreation hours the sound of the steam pipes is not heard on account of the violent scratching of pens on paper. Surely such assiduity should be imitated.

Such is also the case with the students of the Criticism Class. A lecture on Shakspeare last week produced such an effect that there now remain in the library only two volumes of Shakspeare's plays and Bartlett's "Concordance to Shakspeare," out of ten different editions and as many critical works on the dramatist.

—Mr. Alfred Rittenhouse Regan owns a sweater that is the envy of every student at Notre Dame, from the smallest Minim up to the largest man in Brownson Hall. During the Christmas vacation *she* transformed it from a simple white sweater to a thing of beauty and a joy, etc. To begin with, there is a large pennant in front, beautifully worked in gold and blue. On the right shoulder there is a raised sun-flower, and on the left shoulder three smil-

ing cherubs with yellow faces and red hair. Four box-pleats of Nile-green oil-cloth decorate the back, and the puffed sleeves—cut on the bias—are caught back in graceful folds with ten-penny nails and glue. When Rittenhouse has mustered up the necessary amount of courage he will discard the Olympic Club sweater, and come forth a regular vision.

SOCIETY NOTES.

PHILOPATRIANS.—On Wednesday evening the Philopatrians met for the second time this session. Messrs. C. Moss and F. McNichols were admitted as members and went through the mystery of initiation. P. M. Kuntz was chosen to fill the office of Historian, and J. Kuntz was elected to the vacant position of Librarian. On the programme a paper by B. O'Malley on a "Night with the Gods" and a recitation by C. Shillington brought forth great applause. The parts for the annual play were distributed. Rehearsals will begin next Sunday. There is an earnestness and enthusiasm about the work of the members that means success.

LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—The Law Debating Society elected its officers last Saturday evening. Colonel Hoynes was unanimously chosen President. 1st Vice-President, D. P. Murphy; 2nd Vice-President, A. J. Galen; Recording Secretary, J. Barrett; Corresponding Secretary, L. Wurzer; Treasurer, Arthur Gaukler; Critic, F. P. McManus; Sergeant-at-Arms, James H. Browne. After the election, an impromptu programme was carried out. Messrs. Filiatro, Murphy and Gaukler took turns in reading Senator Tillman's brief speech delivered in the Senate a short time ago. Before adjournment a subject for the next debate was given out—"Resolved, That more profit and pleasure may be derived from a tour of our own country than from that of Europe."

PHILODEMICES.—The second regular meeting of the Philodemics was held on Wednesday evening. After the programme committee had made its report, and the admission of Mr. S. Steele into the society had been moved and accepted, the society proceeded to carry out the regular program for the evening. "Tennessee's Partner," a half-humorous, half pathetic story of Bret Hart, was read by E. Brennan. D. P. Murphy's biographical sketch and criticism of the works of Bret Harte received well-merited applause; after which followed a reading of "Her Letter," by J. Barry, and the "The Heathen Chinee," by A. Stace, both humorous poems. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," read by C. Ryan, ended the programme. Next Wednesday evening the life and works of Julian Ralph will be considered, and the following Wednesday will be devoted to original work. Every member of the society has been asked to write an original story. This is something entirely new and promises to be exceptionally interesting.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Bryan, Costello, Eyanson, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulberger, E. Murphy, McNamara, McDonough, Palmer, Pulskamp, Reilly, Rosenthal, Reardon, Regan, Sullivan, Steele.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Ball, J. W. Browne, Blanchard J. Burke, J. H. Browne, Bowlin, Berthelet, M. Campbell, Crilly, E. Campbell, Clendenin, Carney, Crane, Davila, Delaney, M. Daly, Dowd, Eyanson, Finnerty, Follen, Flanagan, Fox, Frazer, Farrell, Gilpin, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, F. Hesse, Hagerty, Hayes, Hoban, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Howell, Hinde,* Hengen, J. Hesse, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, King, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Mingey, Medley, Moran, Miller, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Monahan Murray, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarrick, McPhee, McKenzie, McCormack, Mullen, Mueller, Neeley, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, J. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, Pietrzykowski, R. Putnam, Pulskamp, J. Putnam, Phelps, Pim, Quinn, T. Ryan, Rowan, Regan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tabor, Tong, Tracy, Tuhey, Tuttle, Thiele, Wurzer, Walsh, Wheeler, Wig, Ward, Wagner, Wensinger, Wade, Wilson, Brinker.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, J. Berry, W. Berry, Burns, Bernardin, Begly, G. Burke, E. Burke, Cottin, Cornell, Crowds, Cave, Cuneo, Cowie, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Donovan, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Druiding, Franey, Furher, Flynn, Fox, Foster, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hermann, Hawkins, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hanley, Hayes, Hoban, Howard, Jelonek, Keffe, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Landers, Lehman, Leach, Long, Langley, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Moorhead, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, Massey, Moss, Mohn, Monahan Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, H. McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Newell, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Pulford, Quandt, Rasche, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shiels, Smith, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, W. Scherrer, J. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, Webb, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Zaehle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Allyn, C. Bode, F. Bode, Breslin, Bullene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron, Blanchfield, Cottin, Campbell, Cotter, Catchpole, Coquillard, Clark, Cressey, Casparis, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Dowling, Ehrlich, Elliott, Ernest, Ells, Fetter, Finnerty, A. Flynn, M. Flynn, Freeman, Fielding, M. Garrity, Goff, H. Giffin, K. Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, B. Hess, F. Hess, Kasper, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Lawton, Morehouse, Maher, Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, Marshall, McMaster, McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Plunket, Phillips, Pyle, Paul, Quinlan, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Sexton, Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Weidman, Weidner, Waite, Welsh, Weild, Weber.

* Omitted by mistake the last four weeks.